

Pretended Country Squire,

W I T H

An Account of his Last WILL and TESTAMENT:

Together with a whole Dicar of Legacies bequeathed to his New-found Friends; who at length, to their unspeakable Sorrow, are left in the Lurch.

To the Tune of, *Merry and Glad.*

Licenced according to Order.

1.
Come litten, while I here unfold
as strange a Prank as e're was known,
Of one being Fifty-five years Old,
who near *Temple-Bar* wander'd all alone.

2.
The Grave appearance of his Face,
and Cloath'd in a dejected Weed,
Straight caus'd a *Baker* near that place,
to ask him of what he stood in need.

3.
I lack a Lodging Sir, he cry'd,
as being but a Stranger here:
The *Baker* immediately reply'd,
thou art welcome to me, kind Friend, ne'r fear.

4.
This kindness he could not deny,
he never stood disputing long,
'Twas good to embrace a Friend, for why,
his Pockets was but two Shillings strong.

5.
Now while he was residing there,
in hopes to live at a Splendid rate,
He did to the *Baker* then declare,
that he was a Man of a vast Estate.

6.
Quoth he, I stand engag'd this day,
for full five hundred pounds, or more,
The which I have sworn I'll never pay,
although I have thousands lies by in store.

7.
'Tis for this cause I do abscond,
and come to *London* in this sort:
The *Baker* of such a Guest grew fond,
believing his feign'd and false Report.

8.
At length this Spark fell Sick and weak,
and they no Colts or Charges spare,
For learned Physicians with speed they seek,
the better to shew their indulgent Care.

9.
At their own Cost, they purchas'd free,
what ever Art or Skill could name,
Supposing their languishing Guest to be
a Country Squire of worth and Fame.

10.
The *Baker* in Sobs did sigh full sore,
grieving for him with melting eyes,
And being Collector of the Poor,
he brought a kind Brother to weep likewise

11.
With Sobs they did his Chamber fill,
nothing but bitter sighs he hears,
At which he resolv'd to make his Will,
to gratifie them for all their Tears.

12.
He thus begins with Christian care,
and gives them all to understand,
A Cousen he means to make his Heir
now of his head Manour, House and Land.

13.
The honest *Baker* next he Will'd,
to have a branch of his Estate,
In token of Love which he beheld,
in Christian-like friendship from him of late.

14.
The *Bakers* Wife, Son, Daughter dear,
he many hundred pounds did leave,
A Generous Soul he did appear,
each reckon'd they had not much cause to grieve

15.
He left them Horses, House and Land,
his tender love did so abound,
So much as the Nurse, we understand,
he left the sum of a hundred pound.

16.
The Master would not let his Boy
come near the Squire while Sick he lay,
Lest he should a Legacy then enjoy,
to set up a Bake-house another day.

17.
His Gifts, we see, were not a few,
no Man was e're more kind than he;
Nay, he left them Rings and Mourning too,
so Liberal was he in each degree.

18.
For a Rich Coffin straight they go,
his Splendid Glory they'll not blast;
Twelve pounds on the same they did bestow,
but here comes the Devil of all at last.

19.
This Sham-pretended Squires Love,
was found e're he was laid in Grave.
Since he an Impostor thus did prove,
now never a Penny they'r like to have.

20.
His new Friends in a Rage did say,
they never knew so vile a Cheat;
Therefore his Rich Coffin they took away,
and hardly afford him a Winding-Sheet.